



JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY™ PART THREE

QUASAR

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AUTHORITY

The *Overmind* has possessed the *Squadron Supreme*; the *Stranger*'s laboratory subjects have escaped; and the *Watchers* are dying.

Mom said there'd be days like this.



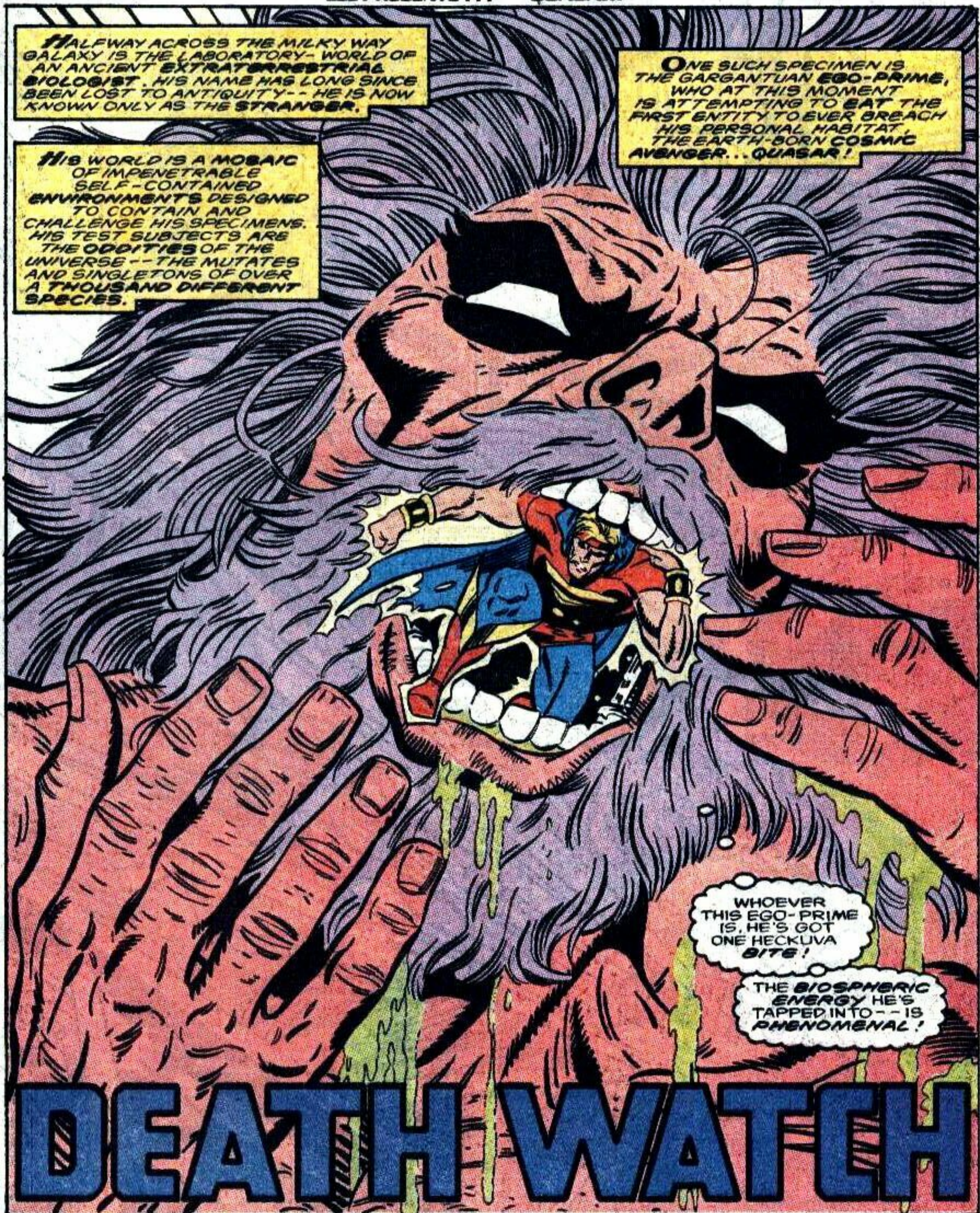
MIGNOLA
1990

WENDELL VAUGHN . . . THE FIRST EARTH MAN EVER APPOINTED PROTECTOR OF THE UNIVERSE. BONDED TO THE ENERGY-TRANSFORMING QUANTUM-BANDS THAT ARE BOTH WEAPONS AND SYMBOLS OF HIS STATION, HE FIGHTS AN ONGOING BATTLE TO DEFEND ALL LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE FROM COSMIC EVIL!
LEE PRESENTS . . . QUASAR!

HALFWAY ACROSS THE MILKY WAY GALAXY IS THE LABORATORY- WORLD OF AN ANCIENT EXTRATERRESTRIAL BIOLOGIST. HIS NAME HAS LONG SINCE BEEN LOST TO ANTIQUITY-- HE IS NOW KNOWN ONLY AS THE STRANGER.

HIS WORLD IS A MOSAIC OF IMPENETRABLE SELF-CONTAINED ENVIRONMENTS DESIGNED TO CONTAIN AND CHALLENGE HIS SPECIMENS. HIS TEST SUBJECTS ARE THE ODDITIES OF THE UNIVERSE--THE MUTATES AND SINGLETONS OF OVER A THOUSAND DIFFERENT SPECIES.

ONE SUCH SPECIMEN IS THE GARGANTUAN EGO-PRIME, WHO AT THIS MOMENT IS ATTEMPTING TO EAT THE FIRST ENTITY TO EVER BREACH HIS PERSONAL HABITAT, THE EARTH-BORN COSMIC AVENGER... QUASAR!



WHOEVER THIS EGO-PRIME IS, HE'S GOT ONE HECKUVA BITE!

THE BIOSPHERIC ENERGY HE'S TAPPED INTO-- IS PHENOMENAL!

DEATH WATCH

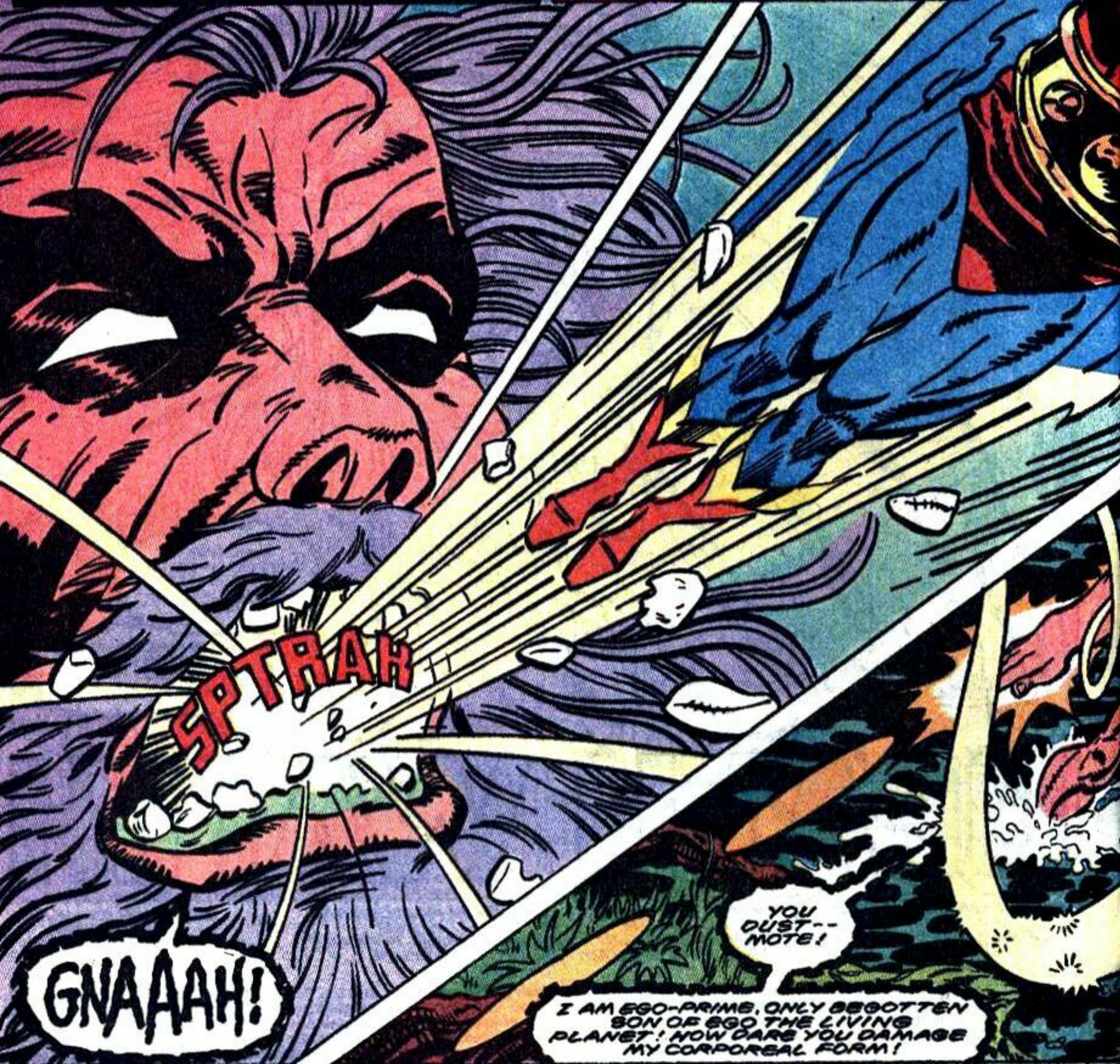
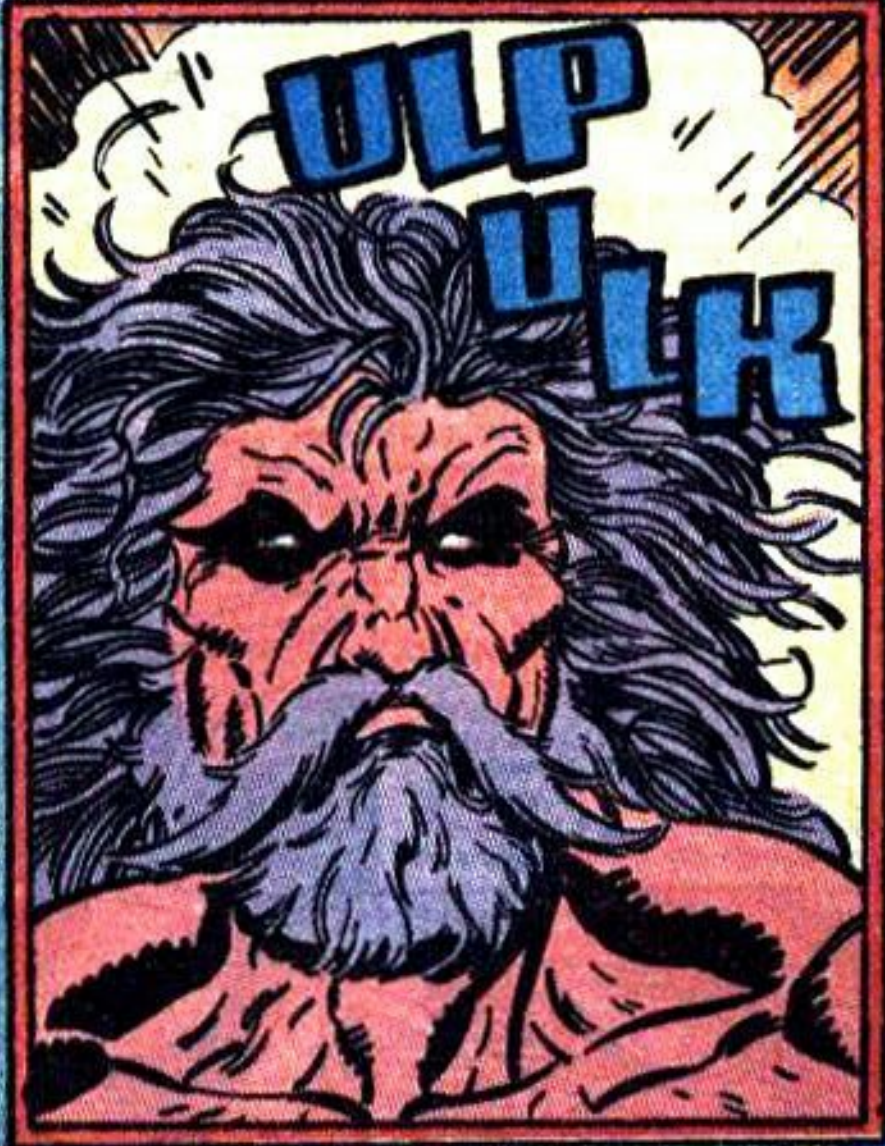
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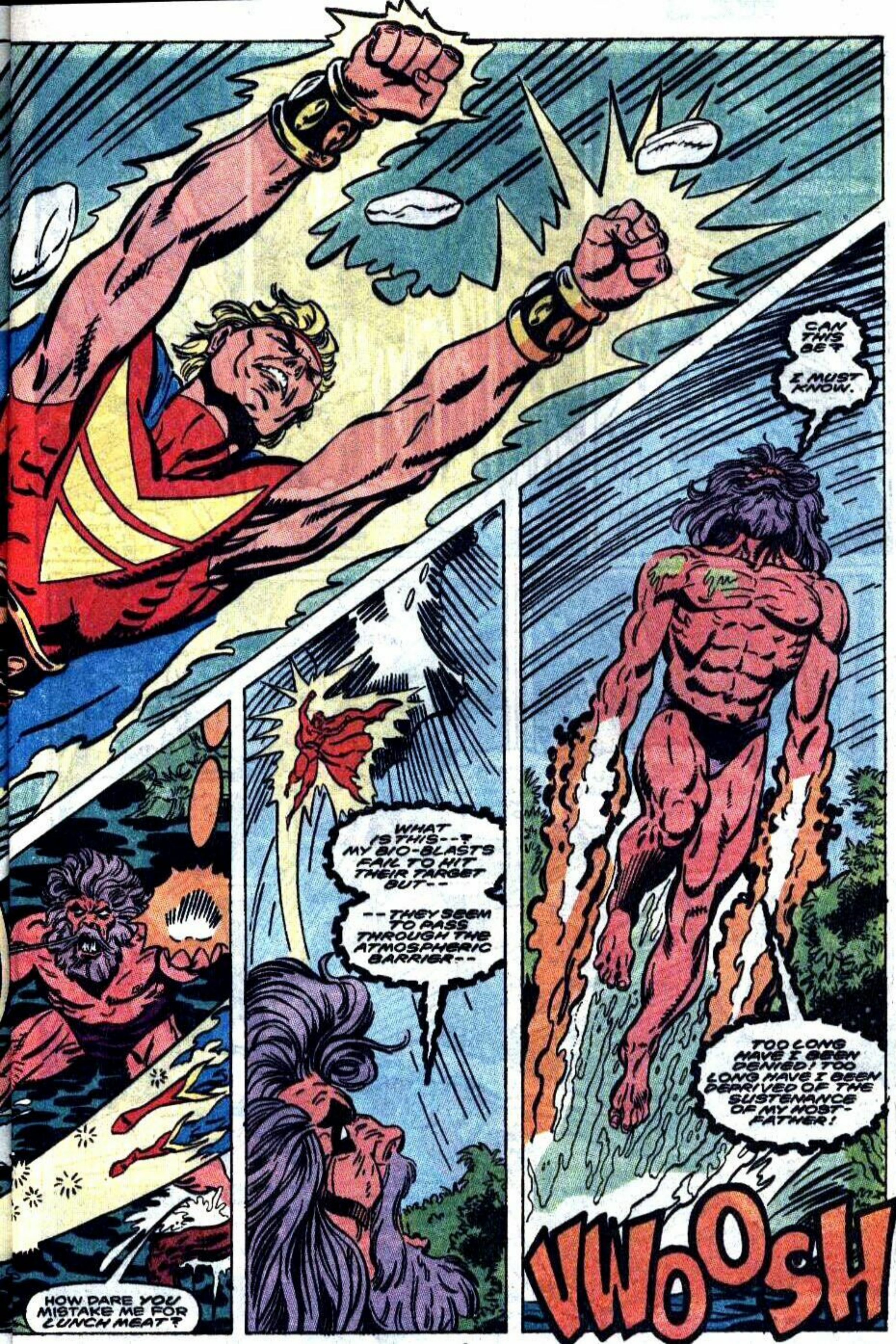


SPTRAH

GNAAAH!

YOU
DUST--
NOTE!

I AM EGO-PRIME, ONLY BEGOTTEN
SON OF EGO THE LIVING
PLANET! NOW DARE YOU DAMAGE
MY CORPOREAL FORM!



CAN THIS BE?
I MUST KNOW.

WHAT IS THIS--?
MY BIO-BLASTS FAIL TO HIT THEIR TARGET BUT--
--THEY SEEM TO PASS THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERIC BARRIER--

TOO LONG HAVE I BEEN DENIED! TOO LONG HAVE I BEEN DEPRIVED OF THE SUSTENANCE OF MY MOST-FATHER!

HOW DARE YOU MISTAKE ME FOR LUNCH MEAT?

VWOOSH!



HEY! WHAT--? MR. DREADLOCKS SEEMS TO HAVE FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT ME!

NOT THAT I'M COMPLAINING!



WHOA!

THE ISLAND HE WAS STANDING ON SEEMS TO BE ALIVE!



EGO-PRIME'S FLOWN THE COOP!



HEY-- HE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE!

I SEE AT LEAST A DOZEN ENERGY TRAILS STREAKING SKYWARD!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE-- A MASS EXODUS?



HMMM. NOBODY I KNOW.



IN PARTICULAR, I DON'T SEE THE EX-SQUADRON SUPREMS-- THE GUYS WHOSE KIDNAPPING BROUGHT ME TO THIS CRAZY PLANET IN THE FIRST PLACE!

WONDER IF MY TRAVELING COMPANIONS MAKKARI AND HYPERION, HAD ANY BETTER LUCK THAN I DID...?



CAN'T SEE THEIR SIGNAL-BEACONS ANYWHERE.

ELSEWHERE ON THE PLANETOID...



THE SPEEDSTER IS DOWN, FELLOW TRIKON.

AS IS THE FORCE-BARRIER CONTAINING US.

COME! THE UNIVERSE AWAITS!

FIND STILL ELSEWHERE...



3-0-5-2

DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE CHATTERING ABOUT SO EXCITEDLY, BUT AT LEAST THEY'VE STOPPED PUMMELING ME LONG ENOUGH TO CATCH MY BREATH!

FIND AT THE PLANET'S NERVE CENTER...



I HAVE DEACTIVATED EVERY ONE OF THIS WORLD'S ENVIRONMENTAL BARRIERS. NOW ALL OF MY ANCIENT ENEMY'S EXPERIMENTS LIE IN RUIN AND HIS TEST SUBJECTS ALL GO FREE!

I HAVE MENTALLY COMMANDED A BATTALION OF THE MOST POWERFUL OF THESE SUBJECTS TO COME UNTO ME. THEY WILL JOIN YOU AS MY ELITE STRIKEFORCE.

SQUADRON! I WANT YOU TO LOCATE SOME OF THESE DENIZENS AND ASSIST THEM IN FINDING MY ABODE.

YES, SPECTRUM?

I KNOW WHAT MIGHT HELP THEM FIND THIS PLACE, OVERMIND!



YES, PROCEED.

A SHORT TIME LATER...



HEY-- WHAT THE HECK'S THAT?

A BIG FLOATING GOLD ARROW, HUH?

ON THIS PLANET, NOTHING SURPRISES ME ANYMORE.

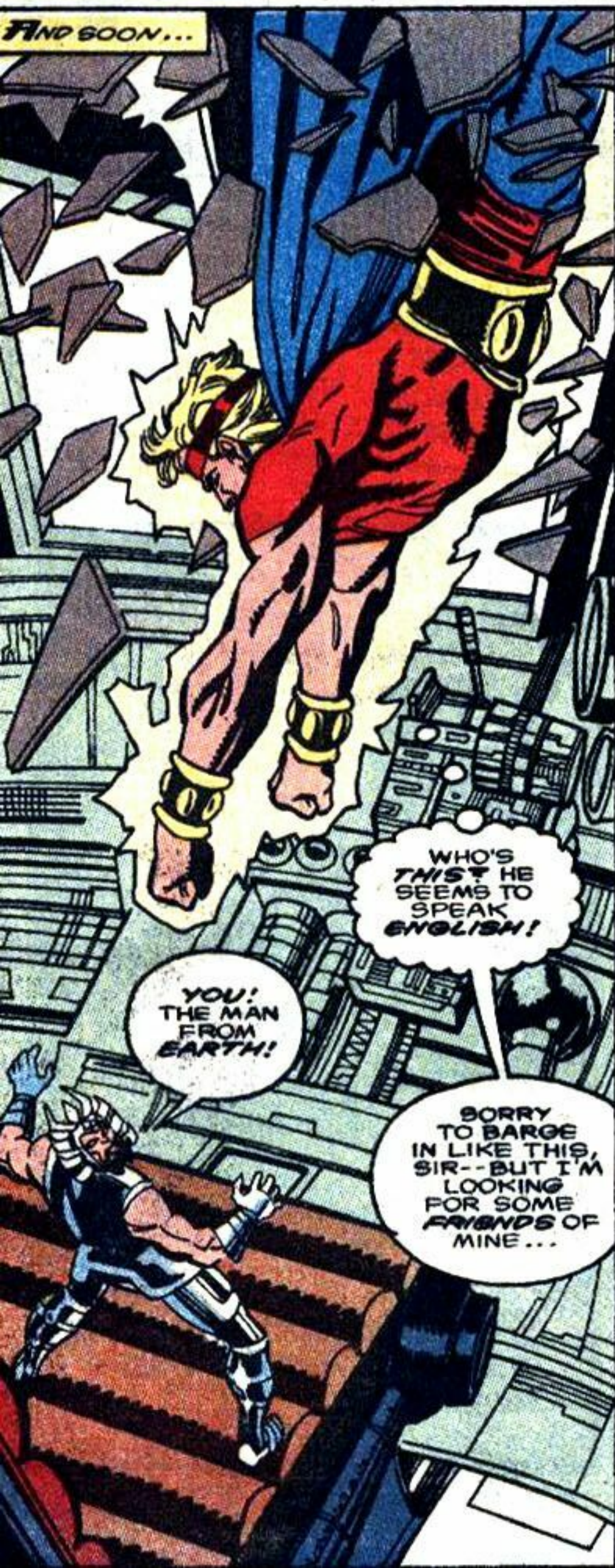


LET ME ANALYZE THE THING, AND SEE WHAT'S--

HMMH! DOCTOR SPECTRUM'S ENERGY SIGNATURE!



DON'T KNOW WHO THESE ARROWS ARE INTENDED FOR, BUT WITH ANY LUCK THEY'LL LEAD ME TO SPECTRUM AND THE EX-SQUADRON.



AND SOON...

WHO'S THIS? HE SEEMS TO SPEAK ENGLISH!

YOU! THE MAN FROM EARTH!

SORRY TO BARGE IN LIKE THIS, SIR--BUT I'M LOOKING FOR SOME FRIENDS OF MINE...



I WAS UNABLE TO MENTALLY DOMINATE HIM LAST TIME, BUT PERHAPS HERE AT POINT BLANK RANGES--!

LOOK, I'M TRYING TO MENTAL TAKEOVER--

*ISSUE #13.



--AND I RESENT ANYBODY WHO TRIES IT! SO COOL IT WITH THAT CRUD--NOW!



VERY WELL. THEN THERE IS SOMETHING I WANT YOU TO DO FOR ME OF YOUR OWN VOLITION.

YEAH. RIGHT. HOW ABOUT AN *INTRODUCTION* FIRST, WHISKERS.

I AM THE OVERMIND, SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE *ETERNALS OF EYUNG*, THE GREATEST CIVILIZATION THIS UNIVERSE HAS YET TO SEE.

I ASKED YOUR *NAME*, NOT YOUR BIOGRAPHY.



YOU ARE AN IMPERTINENT WHELP... *QUASAR*.

WISH I COULD MAKE MY MIND PROOF AGAINST *SCANNING*, TOO.

NOW THEN, I WISH FOR YOU TO *LEAVE* THIS WORLD, FIND THE *STRANGER*, AND *BRING* HIM HERE.

WHAT DO I LOOK LIKE -- YOUR *GRAND BOY*?



IF YOU DO *NOT*, THE SQUADRON WILL SUFFER INSTANTANEOUS *BRAIN DEATH*.

SO *THIS GUY* KIDNAPPED THE SQUADRON -- AND HERE I THOUGHT IT WAS THE *STRANGER*...



WHAT'S YOUR *BEEF* WITH HIM?

WE ARE ANCESTRAL *ENEMIES*. THAT'S ALL YOU NEED KNOW NOW *GO*.

OKAY, OKAY, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO.

THAT *PSIONIC* *PSYCHO* *AVOWS* I WON'T RISK THE SQUADRON'S DEATHS.

DO NOT *FAIL* ME, WHELP!



WONDER IF HE INTENDS TO *PUKE IT OUT* WITH THE *STRANGER*. HIS FUNERAL.

QUASAR TO *SON*, I NEED SOME *INFO*.

THE *STRANGER'S* NOT AT HIS *HOMEBASE*. I NEED TO *FIND* HIM. CAN YOU *HELP*?



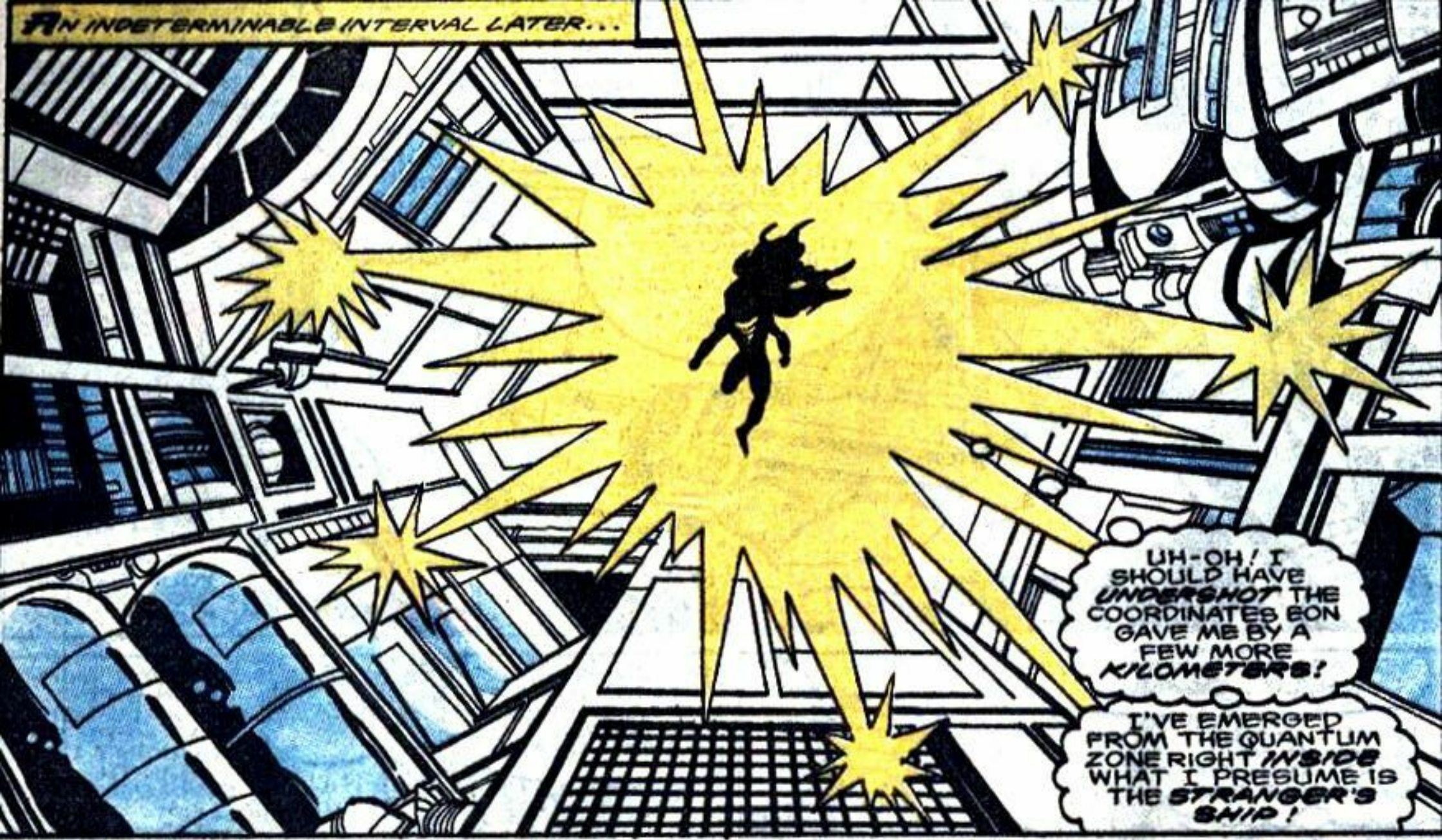
YES, HERE ARE HIS *PRESENT GALACTIC COORDINATES*...

THAT WAS *QUICK*.

INFORMATION PERTAINING TO *COSMOS-CLASS ENTITIES* IS MORE READILY *DISCERNIBLE* TO ME THAN CERTAIN *OTHER KINDS*.

IF YOU *SAY GO*, TALK TO YOU LATER -- GOT TO *QUANTUM-JUMP*!

IN AN INDETERMINABLE INTERVAL LATER...

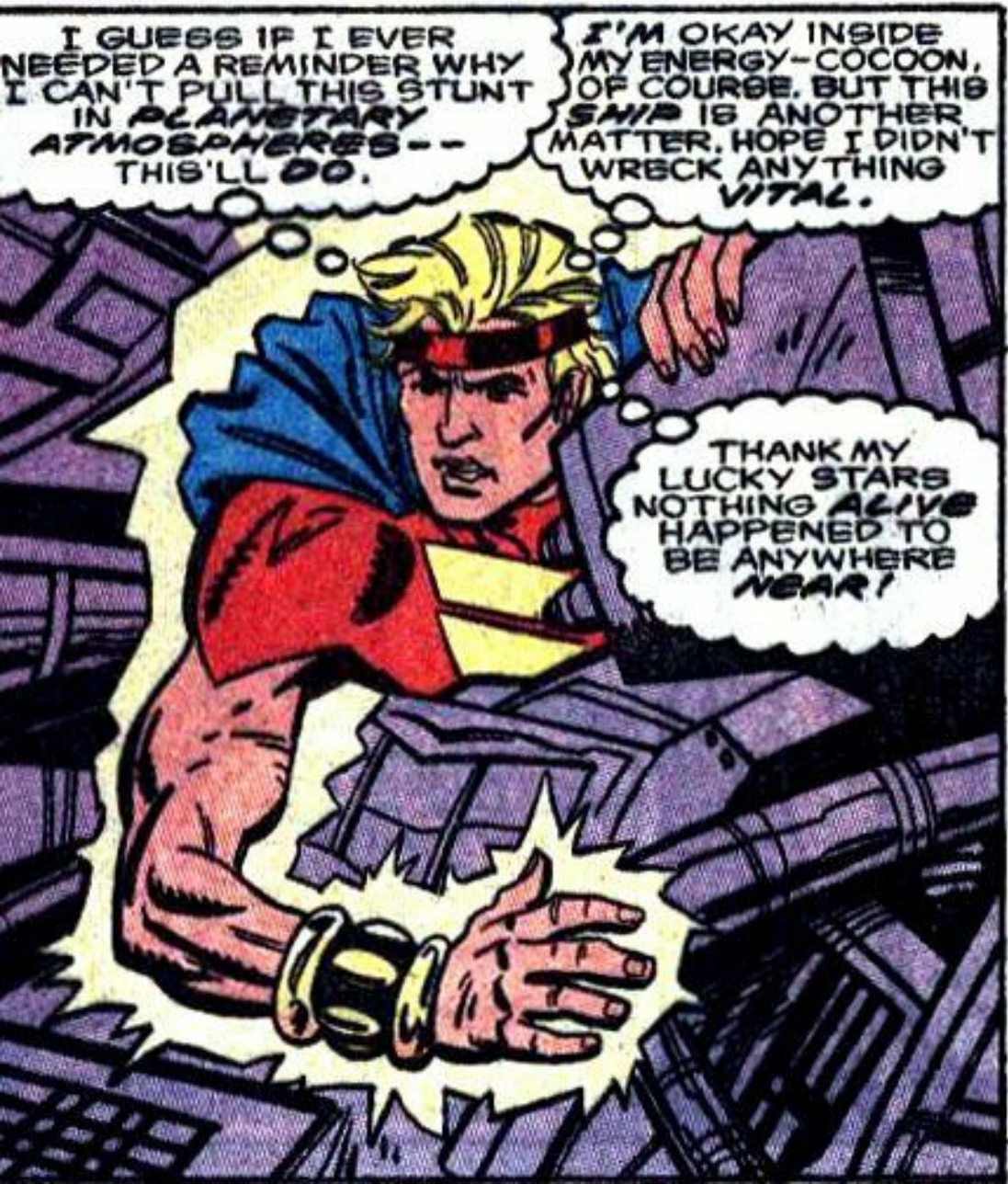


UH-OH! I SHOULD HAVE UNDERSHOT THE COORDINATES SON GAVE ME BY A FEW MORE KILOMETERS!

I'VE EMERGED FROM THE QUANTUM ZONE RIGHT INSIDE WHAT I PRESUME IS THE STRANGER'S SHIP!



GRAVITATIONAL EFFECTS OF A WARP-HOLE SO CLOSE TO THIS MUCH MATTER WREAKING HAVOC-- IMPLODING TOWARD ME!



I GUESS IF I EVER NEEDED A REMINDER WHY I CAN'T PULL THIS STUNT IN PLANETARY ATMOSPHERES-- THIS'LL DO.

I'M OKAY INSIDE MY ENERGY-COCOON, OF COURSE. BUT THIS SHIP IS ANOTHER MATTER. HOPE I DIDN'T WRECK ANYTHING VITAL.

THANK MY LUCKY STARS NOTHING ALIVE HAPPENED TO BE ANYWHERE NEAR!



THIS DOESN'T MAKE MY TASK ANY EASIER. I CAN SEE MYSELF SAYING TO THE STRANGER, "HI, I'M THE GUY WHO WRECKED YOUR SHIP. MIND TAKING A TRIP WITH ME?"

BE THAT AS IT MAY, I'VE GOT TO FIND THE STRANGER.



WOW! HOW BIG IS THIS SHIP ANYWAY? NO WONDER I ACCIDENTALLY MATERIALIZED INSIDE IT--

-- I'VE BEEN ON PLANETS SMALLER THAN THIS.

WISH EON COULD SEND ME THE STRANGER'S ENERGY-SIGNATURE. IT MAY TAKE DAYS TO FIND HIM!

WAIT A MINUTE--

-- I'M PICKING UP SOMETHING HIGHLY ENERGETIC!

WHOA--! THAT'S THE STRANGER? I HAD THE IMPRESSION HE HAD A SOLID BODY!

WAIT-- SOMETHING'S HAPPENING. THE ENERGY'S CONVERTING TO MATTER!



HOLY--! HIS ISN'T THE ONLY BODY SOLIDIFYING. WHO IN BLAZES IS HE GAAHNGT?



HE'S
TAKING
IT TO THE
NEXT
CHAMBER!

MY GOD--THOSE
ARE
WATCHERS!

NONE
OF
THEM--

--LYING
THERE
STILL AS
DEATH!

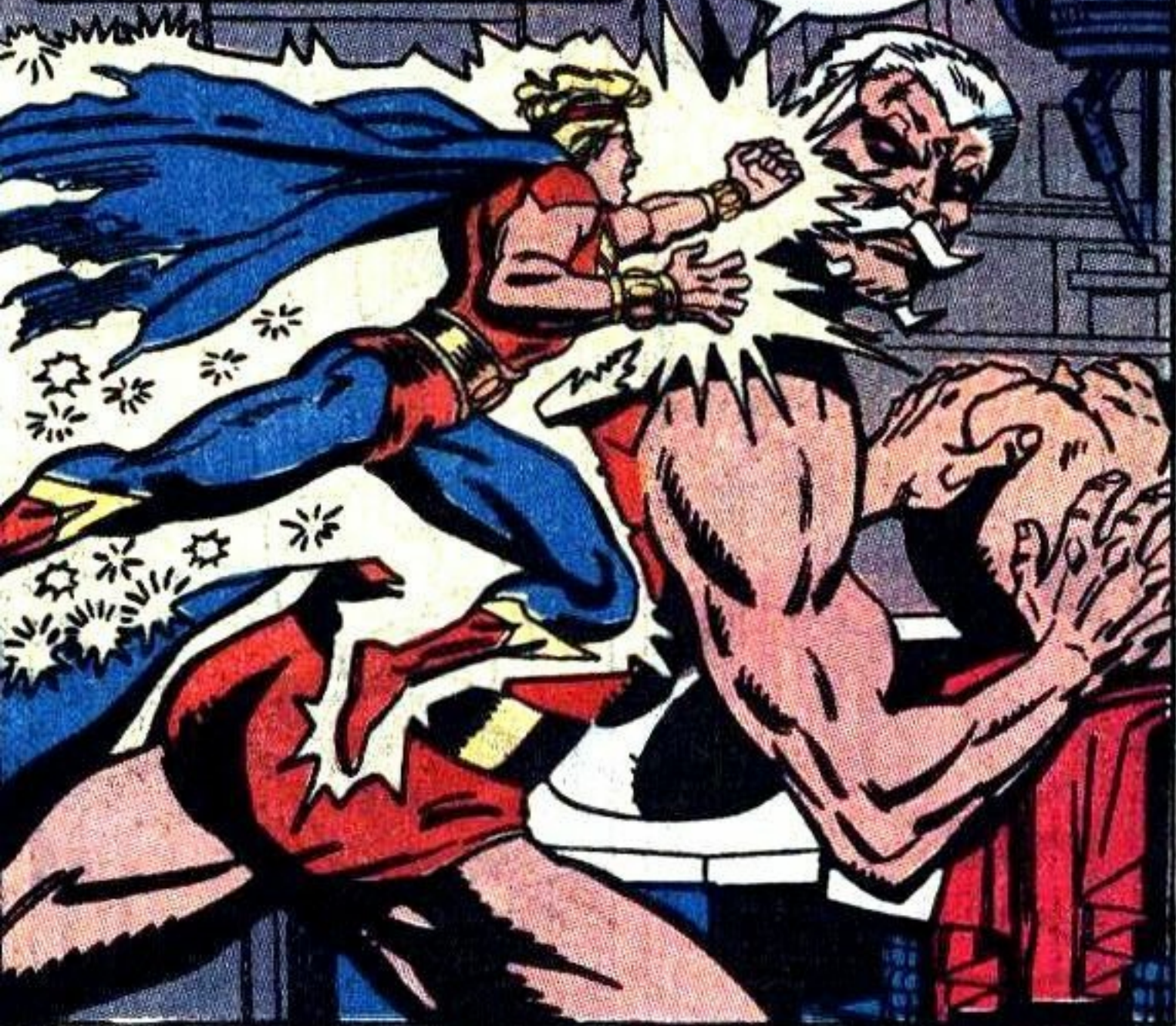
STRANGER!

EHT AN
INTRUDER.

NOT JUST
ANY
INTRUDER,
PAL. I'M--

I KNOW
WHO YOU
ARE. YOU
ARE POW'S
LACKEY.

I ALSO KNOW
WHAT YOU *THINK*:
THAT I HAD
SOMETHING TO DO
WITH THE DEATHS
OF THESE
BEINGS.





DIDN'T YOU?

NO. I FOUND THEM THIS WAY.

HE WAS DEAD, TOO. AS WAS THE NEXT ONE, AND THE ONE AFTER THAT. TEN SO FAR.

I'VE BEEN GATHERING THEM. I SUSPECT THERE ARE MANY OTHERS.

WHY ARE YOU HERE, STRIPLING?

OH. I'M SUPPOSED TO FETCH YOU BACK TO YOUR LAB-WORLD OR ELSE THE OVER-MIND WILL KILL SOME FRIENDS OF MINE.

I WAS ENGAGED IN MY USUAL SPECIMEN-GATHERING EXPEDITION WHEN I HAPPENED UPON THE FIRST DEAD WATCHER.

I COULD NOT DETERMINE THE CAUSE OF HIS DEATH, SO I DECIDED TO TAKE HIM TO THE NEXT SECTOR'S WATCHER TO ASK HIM FOR ASSISTANCE.



THE OVER-MIND, HMM? I THOUGHT I WAS RID OF HIM. IT IS OF LITTLE CONSEQUENCE.



WHAT PIQUES MY SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY NOW IS THE MYSTERY AT HAND. I INTEND TO PURSUE IT TO ITS RESOLUTION.

WOW, I CAN'T BLAME HIM FOR DEEMING THE DEATHS OF THESE WATCHERS MORE IMPORTANT THAN A REUNION WITH THE OVER-MIND, BUT...

NO!

LOOK, IF I HELP YOU SOLVE THIS MYSTERY, THEN WILL YOU--

I DO NOT NEED YOUR HELP. BEGONE, I SAID.



SON. THIS IS QUASAR. I NEED TO KNOW THE LOCATIONS OF ALL WATCHERS WITHIN A THOUSAND LIGHT YEARS OF THE LAST GALACTIC COORDINATES YOU GAVE ME.

I CAN GIVE YOU THREE SUCH LOCATIONS.

SAY, DID YOU KNOW THAT A BUNCH OF WATCHERS HAVE RECENTLY DIED?

YES.



WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME? ISN'T PROTECTING ADVANCED LIFE FORMS PART OF MY JOB?

NOT YET. INCIDENTALLY, THERE ARE TWO WATCHERS AT ONE OF THOSE LOCATIONS.

REALLY?

NOT SURE HOW
OFTEN WATCHERS
GET TOGETHER
TO COMPARE
NOTES--

QUANTUM JUMP AND A SHORT FLIGHT LATER...

--MIGHT BE
WORTH CHECKING
OUT FIRST.

AND
THERE
THEY
ARE!

WONDER WHAT'S
THE STORY HERE...
THE SEATED ONE
LOOKS KIND OF
DEPRESSED.

THE OTHER
LOOKS LIKE HE'S
COMMUNICATING,
BUT IT'S NOT
BY SPEAKING.

WONDER WHEN--
OR IF-- THEY'RE
GOING TO
ACKNOWLEDGE ME.

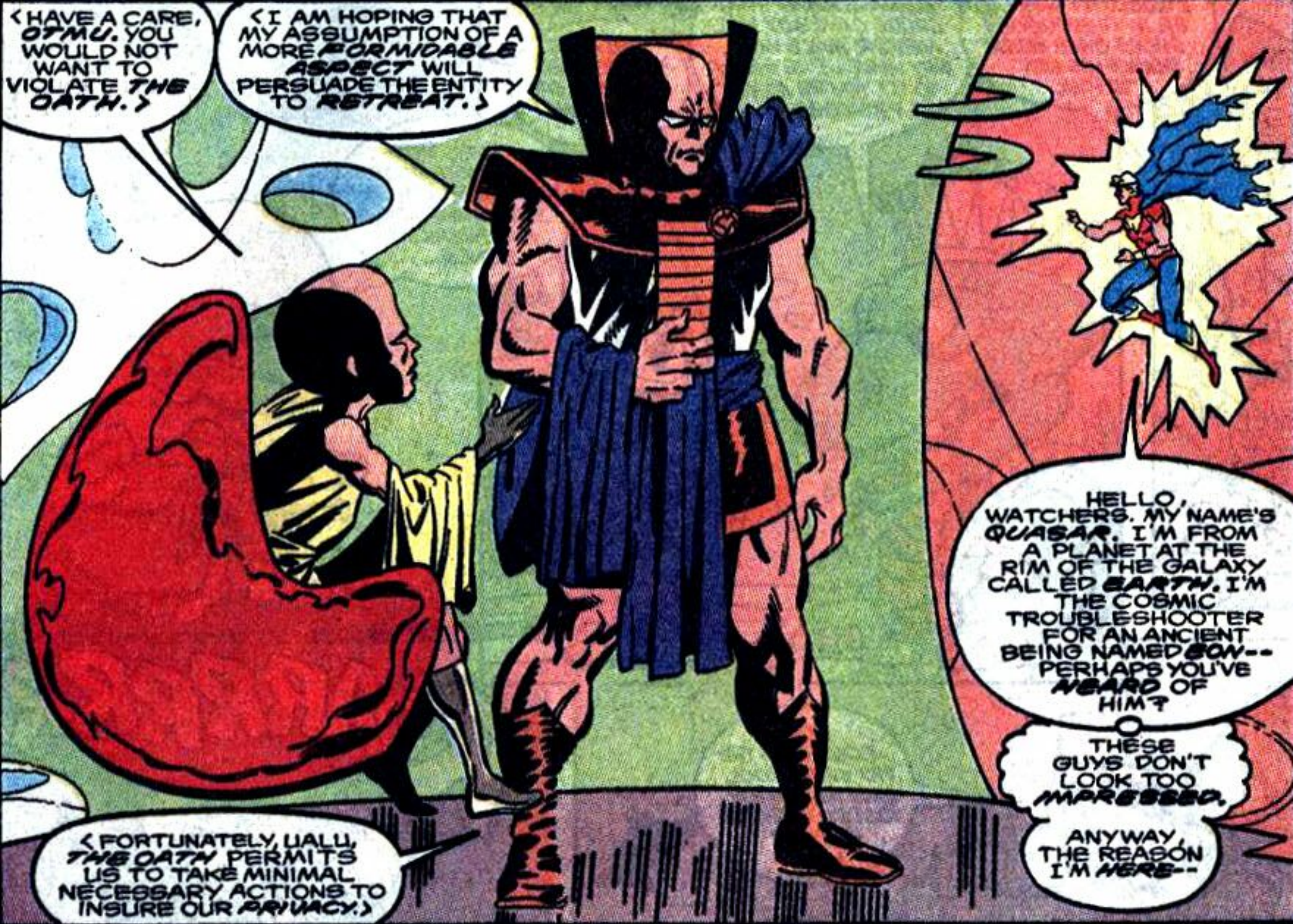
AHH! (IT IS AS I
SAID, UALU,
IN OBSERVING,
WE ARE
OBSERVED.)*

(THIS
ENERGY-
MANIPULATING
ENTITY IS
UNFAMILIAR
TO ME.)

(YOU
CONSIDER
FURTHER WHAT
I HAVE
SAID.)

(I WILL DEAL
WITH THE
UNWELCOME
INTRUDER.)

*TRANSLATED
FROM THE
WATCHERS'
LANGUAGE.



< HAVE A CARE, O' MU. YOU WOULD NOT WANT TO VIOLATE THE OATH. >

< I AM HOPING THAT MY ASSUMPTION OF A MORE FORMIDABLE ASPECT WILL PERSUADE THE ENTITY TO RETREAT. >

HELLO, WATCHERS. MY NAME'S QUASAR. I'M FROM A PLANET AT THE RIM OF THE GALAXY CALLED EARTH. I'M THE COSMIC TROUBLESHOOTER FOR AN ANCIENT BEING NAMED GOW-- PERHAPS YOU'VE HEARD OF HIM?

THESE GUYS DON'T LOOK TOO IMPRESSED.

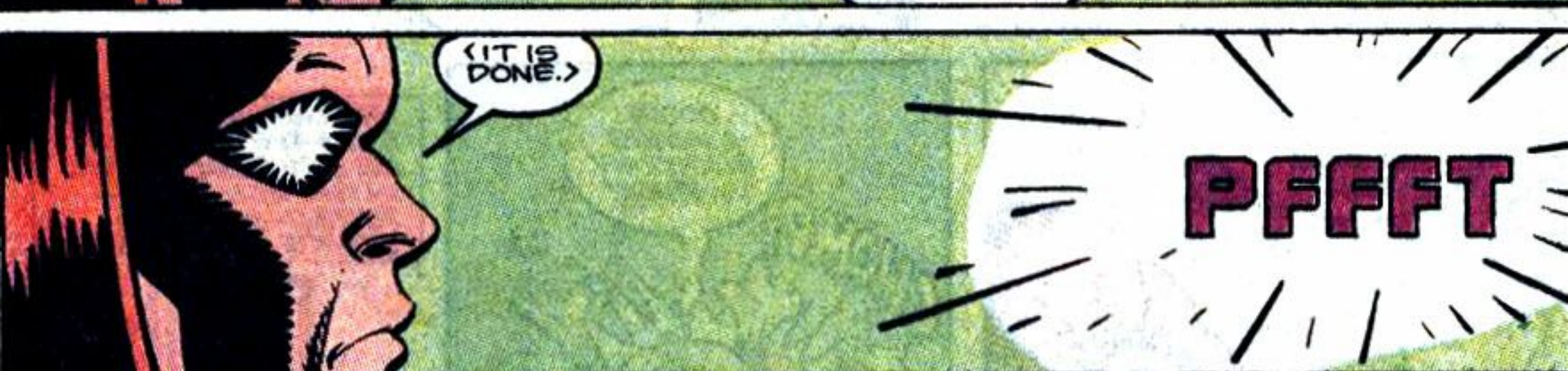
ANYWAY, THE REASON I'M HERE--

< FORTUNATELY, UALL, THE OATH PERMITS US TO TAKE MINIMAL NECESSARY ACTIONS TO INSURE OUR PRIVACY. >



< LIKE SO. >

-- IS TO INVESTIGATE THE DEATHS OF-- ULLP!



< IT IS DONE. >

PFFFT



< ? >

NOW THAT WASN'T VERY NICE. I'M TRYING TO HAVE A CONVERSATION AND YOU ZAP ME AWAY.

DO IT AGAIN, AND I'LL JUST JUMP RIGHT BACK.

VWOOOP

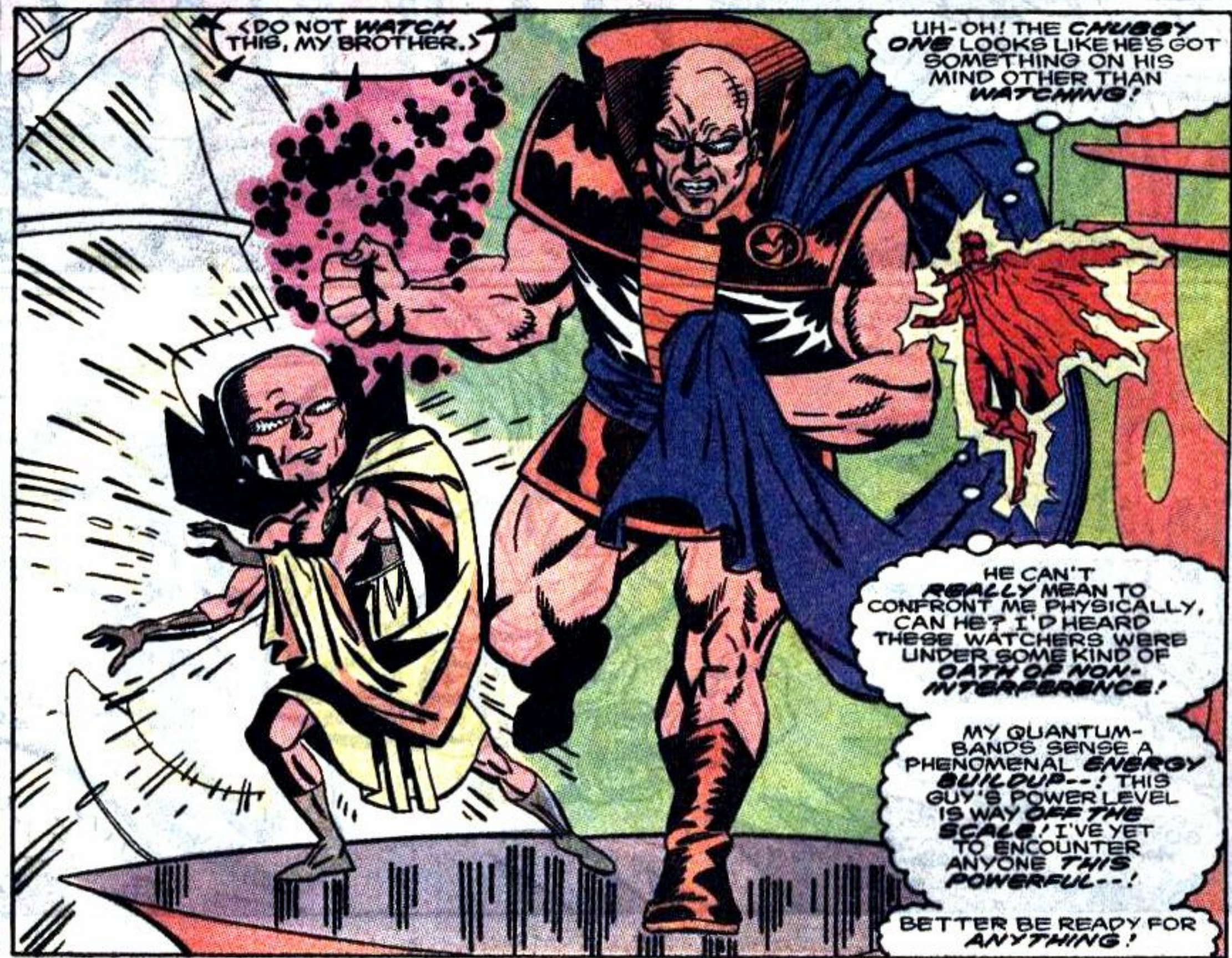


SO HOW ABOUT JUST COOLING IT AND TALK TO ME FOR A MINUTE?

I'VE LEARNED THAT AT LEAST ~~75%~~ OF YOUR NUMBER HAVE ~~DIED~~ RECENTLY. I WAS WONDERING IF YOU ~~KNEW~~ ANYTHING ABOUT IT...

THE AFFAIRS OF THE WATCHERS HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU. GO AT ONCE.

SORRY, BUT I'M MAKING IT MY CONCERN.



<DO NOT WATCH THIS, MY BROTHER.>

UH-OH! THE CAUSSY ONE LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOT SOMETHING ON HIS MIND OTHER THAN WATCHING!

HE CAN'T REALLY MEAN TO CONFRONT ME PHYSICALLY, CAN HE? I'D HEARD THESE WATCHERS WERE UNDER SOME KIND OF OATH OF NON-INTERFERENCE!

MY QUANTUM-BANDS SENSE A PHENOMENAL ENERGY BUILDUP--! THIS GUY'S POWER LEVEL IS WAY OFF THE SCALE! I'VE YET TO ENCOUNTER ANYONE THIS POWERFUL--!

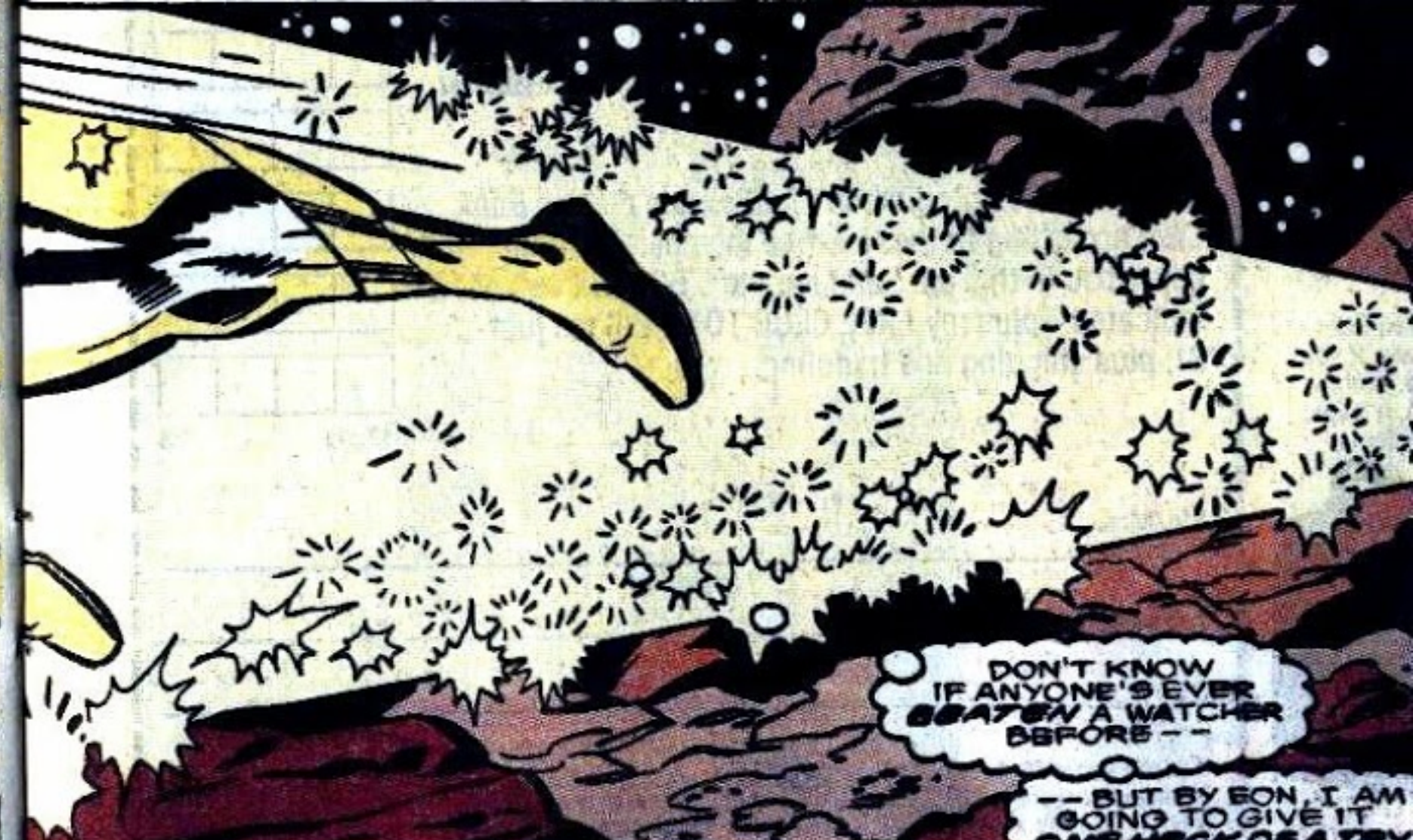
BETTER BE READY FOR ANYTHING!



HAD MY EYES WIDE OPEN--
AND STILL NEVER SAW
IT COMING!

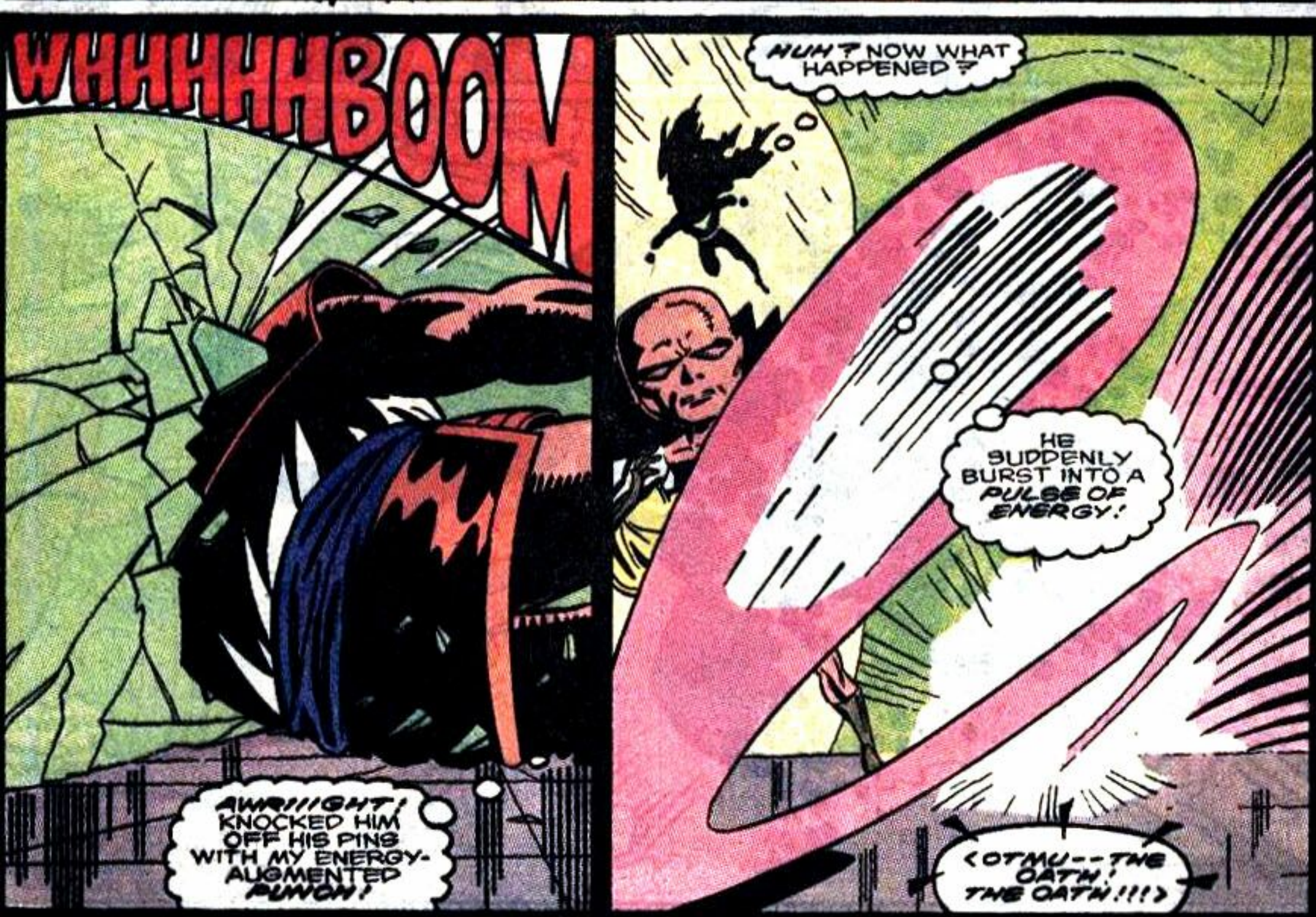
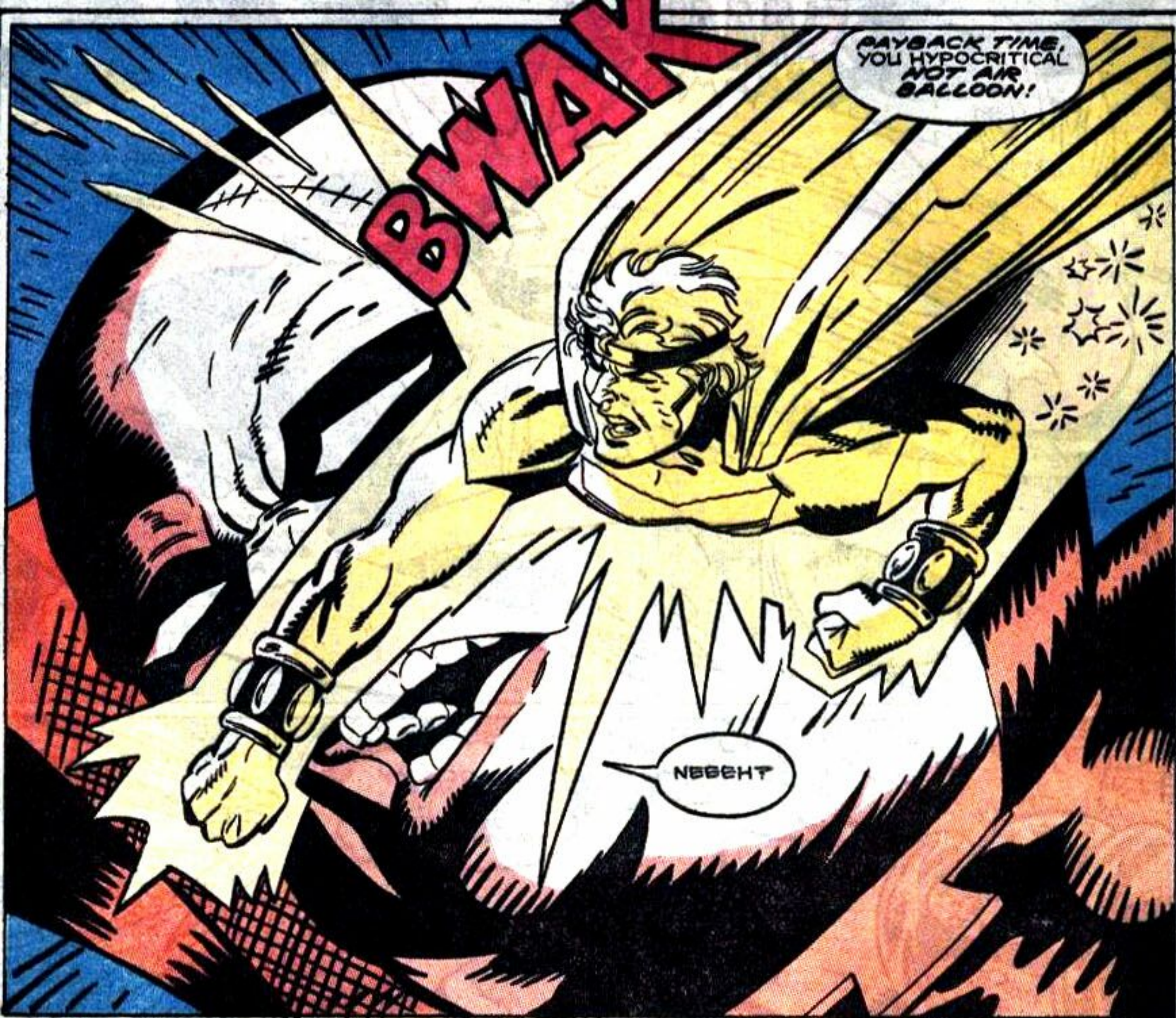
WELL, MR.
OATH OF NON-
INTERFERENCE--

--YOU'VE
GONE AND
GOTTEN ME
MAD!



DON'T KNOW
IF ANYONE'S EVER
BEATEN A WATCHER
BEFORE--

-- BUT BY EON, I AM
GOING TO GIVE IT
ONE HECK OF A TRY



(OTMU--THE OATH! THE OATH!!!)



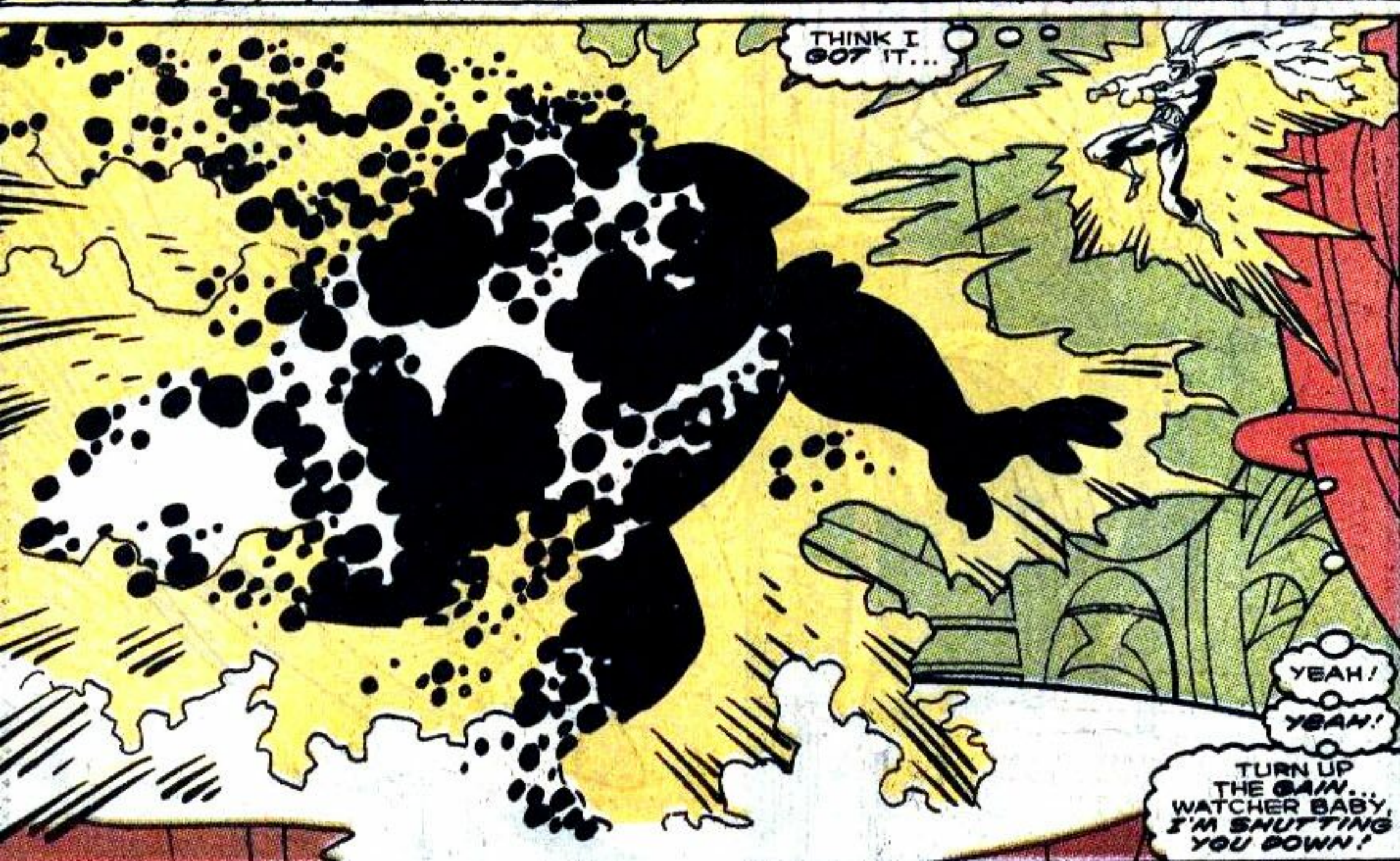
PHASED RIGHT
THROUGH ME--
ENERGY-SHIELD
AND ALL--

-- FEEL LIKE
I'M GOING
TO PASS
OUT!!!



GOTTA HANG
ON...

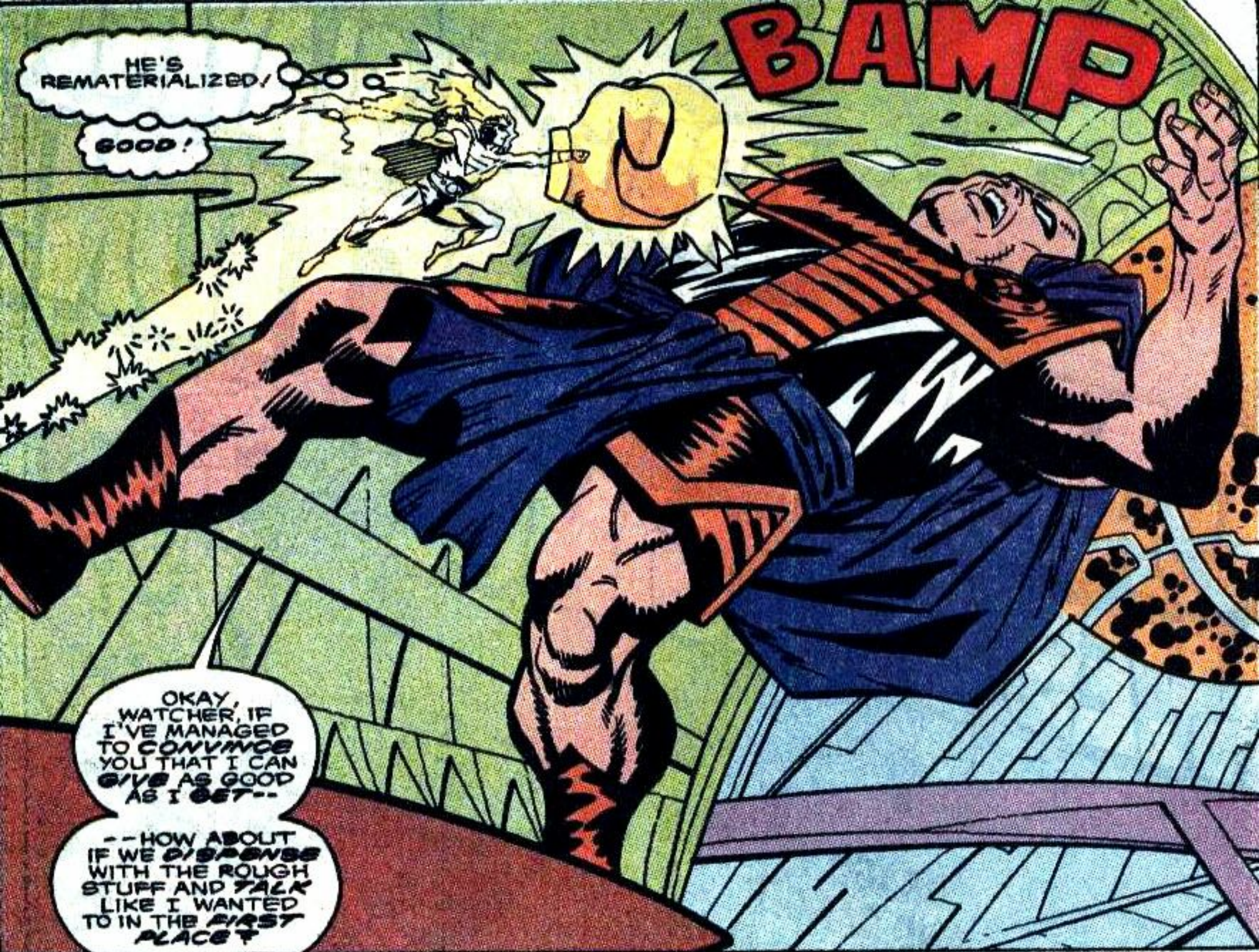
... LOCK MY
BANDS
ONTO HIS
ENERGY-
SIGNATURE...



THINK I
GOT IT...

YEAH!
YEAH!

TURN UP
THE GAIN...
WATCHER BABY,
I'M SHUTTING
YOU DOWN!



HE'S REMATERIALIZED!

GOOD!

BAMP

OKAY, WATCHER, IF I'VE MANAGED TO CONVINCE YOU THAT I CAN GIVE AS GOOD AS I GET--

--HOW ABOUT IF WE DISPOSE WITH THE ROUGH STUFF AND TALK LIKE I WANTED TO IN THE FIRST PLACE?

BUT JUST THEN--

NO... TALK, YOU WOULD NOT UNDERSTAND...

ANOTHER ENERGY-SIGNATURE!



QUASAR! YOU ATTACKED THIS WATCHER?

NO. DEFENDED MYSELF.

THE STRANGER!

HE MUST HAVE FOLLOWED ME HERE SOMEHOW!



A RENEGADE WATCHER!
I HAVEN'T ENCOUNTERED
ONE IN AGES!

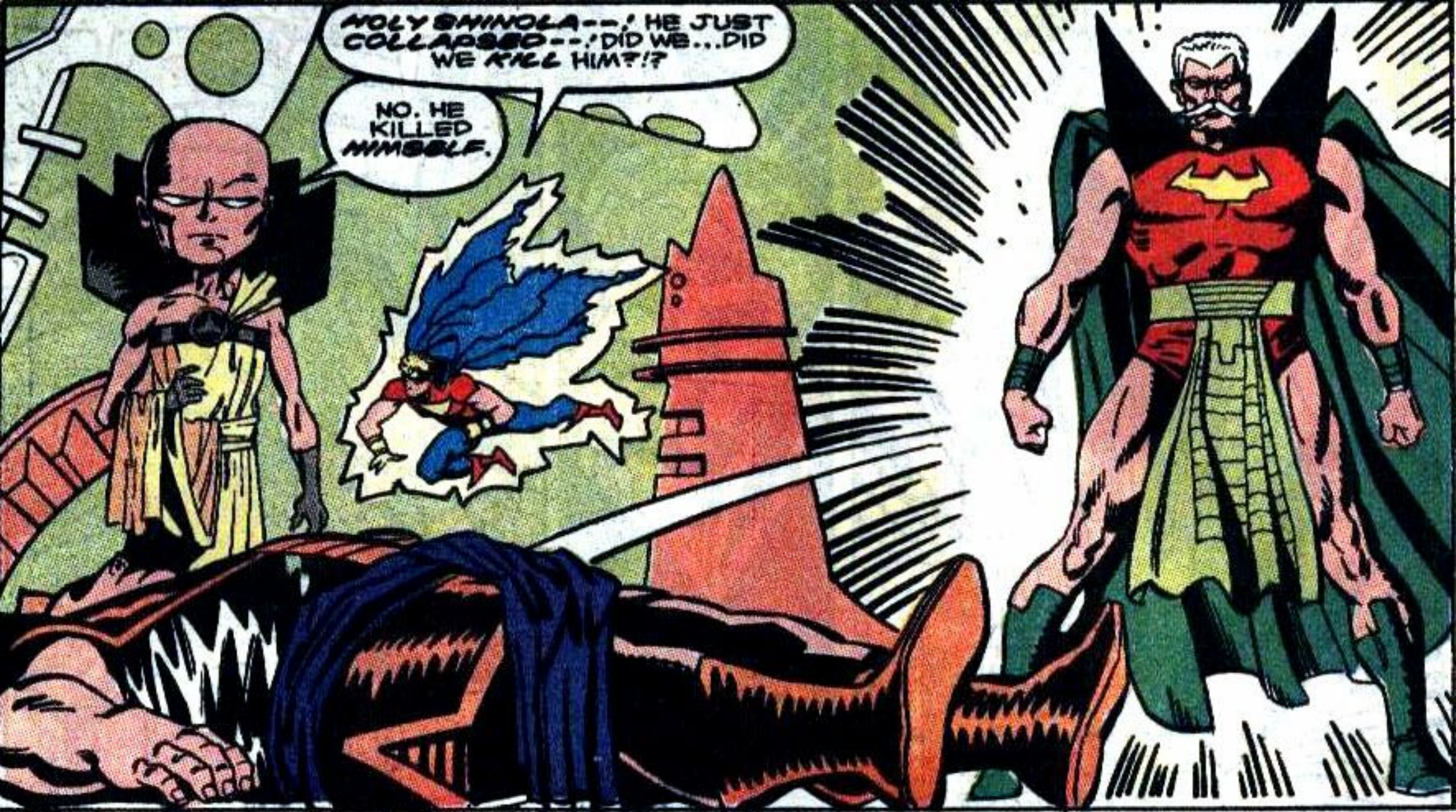
CAREFUL, EARTHMAN.
RENEGADES ARE CAPABLE
OF ANYTHING. HE
MUST BE NEUTRALIZED
AT ONCE!

I'LL
DO WHAT
I CAN.

< I COULD REPULSE
ONE OF THEM, BUT NOT
TWO. I AM *UNDONE*.
THE STRANGER WILL BREAK
MY MIND, ROB ME OF
MY RESOLVE. >

< NO CHOICE. I
MUST RENOUNCE
MY WATCH! >





HOLY SHIVOLA---! HE JUST COLLAPSED---! DID WE...DID WE KILL HIM?!

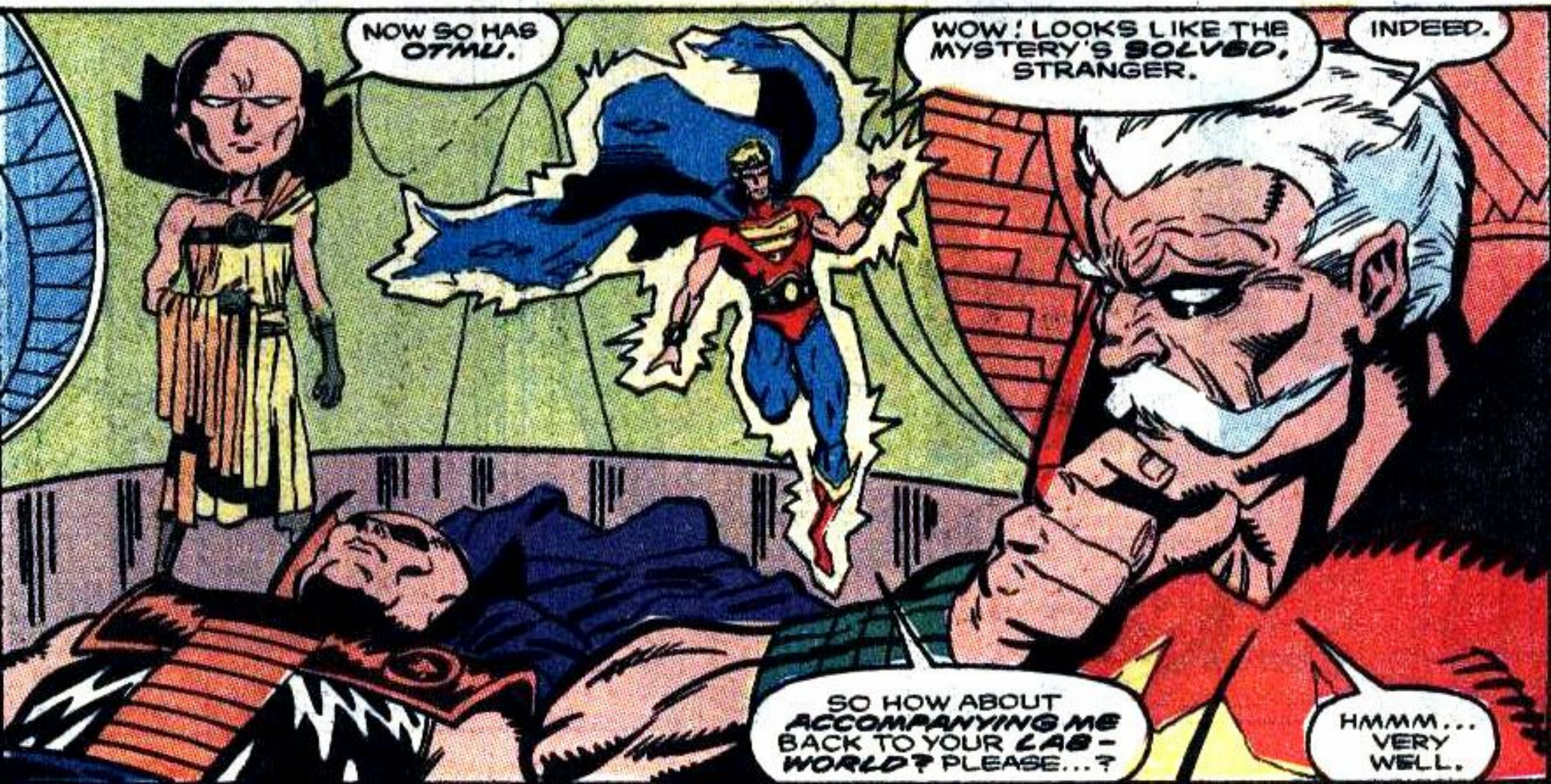
NO. HE KILLED HIMSELF.

OTMU CAME HERE TO TELL ME ABOUT THE LATEST PHILOSOPHICAL REVOLUTION AMONG OUR KIND--THE DOCTRINE OF ULTIMATE NON-INTERFERENCE.

OUR RACE'S OATH IS TO NEVER INTERFERE WITH WHAT WE OBSERVE IN ORDER TO KEEP OUR OBSERVATIONS PURE. BUT OTMU REASONED THAT THE VERY ACT OF OBSERVATION ALTERS THAT WHICH WE OBSERVE.

ERGO THE ONLY WAY TO NOT INTERFERE IS TO NOT OBSERVE. AND THE ONLY WAY TO NOT OBSERVE IS TO NOT EXIST.

SO FAR TEN BILLION OF US HAVE EMBRACED OTMU'S DOCTRINE AND HAVE WILLED OURSELVES UNALIVE.



NOW SO HAS OTMU.

WOW! LOOKS LIKE THE MYSTERY'S SOLVED, STRANGER.

INDEED.

SO HOW ABOUT ACCOMPANYING ME BACK TO YOUR LAB-WORLD? PLEASE...?

HMMM... VERY WELL.

UTILIZING THEIR OWN METHODS OF INTERSTELLAR TRAVEL, THE RELUCTANT ALLIES MATERIALIZE ON THE STRANGER'S HOMESWORLD...



THINGS HAVE BEEN HAPPENING SO **FAST**, HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO REALLY **SINK IN...**

DID I REALLY GO TOE-TO-TOE WITH A **WATCHER?**



SOMETHING IS **AMISS**.



THE BARRIERS-- I **ALBEEER RRGK!**

STRANGER? **STRANGER--!!**



HE WALKED STRAIGHT INTO MY **TRAP!**



THE STRANGER IS **MINE!**

MEANWHILE ON EARTH, QUASAR'S BUSINESS ASSOCIATES AT VAUGHN SECURITY SYSTEMS COPE WITH HIS ABSENCE...

I **HATE IT!** THE NERVE OF THAT WOMAN, PROCLAIMING TO US THAT SHE'S GOING TO USE THE **BOSS'S OFFICE--** AND THEN **LOCKING THE DOOR!**



I KEEP TELLING YOU, **KAYLA...**

--THE MORE OUTRAGEOUS **MS. STECKLEY** ACTS, THE GREATER THE CHANCE SHE'LL BE **FIRED!**

I HOPE YOU'RE **RIGHT!**

BEYOND THE LOCKED DOOR...

MY FOOLHARDY **CO-WORKERS** THINK MY BID FOR VAUGHN'S INNER OFFICE HAS TO DO WITH **WORK SPACE...**



NO... IT'S THE **SPACE** BEHIND THIS **BOOKCASE** THAT INTERESTS ME.



HELLO, EON...? YOU HAVE A **VISITOR...**

NEXT: THE DOUBLE-LENGTH CONCLUSION TO JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY!